

2Pac Lyrics

"Outlaw"

(feat. Dramacydal)

[2Pac (RahRah):]

That's right nigga you gotta get your papers in this motherfucker
I ain't mad at ya at all (damn)

Aiyyo, what the fuck you wanna be when you grow up RahRah?
(Nigga, is you stupid, I wanna be a motherfuckin' Outlaw)

That's right nigga, hahaha. Housin' these hoes, you feel me?
(Eight, you know what I'm sayin'?)

You got to do that shit, keepin' it real nigga or what?
(Keepin' it real!)
How old are you nigga?
(I'm eleven)

[2Pac:]

Cause all I see is, murder murder, my mind state
Preoccupied with homicide, tryin' to survive through this crime rate
Dead bodies at block parties, those unlucky bastards
Gunfire now they require many closed caskets
Who can you blame? It's insane what we been through
Witnessin' evil that these men do, bitches sin too
In fact they be the reasons niggas get to bleedin'
Pull 'n' fuckin' fire when I leave 'em, you shoulda seen 'em
Hostile hoes catch elbows (beotch!) negroes disposed of
and snitches get dealt with, with no love
Body bags of adversaries that I had to bury
I broke the law and they jaw, all in the same flurry
But never worry, they'll remember me through history
Causin' motherfuckers to bleed, they'll label me a

Outlaw, Outlaw, Outlaw (They came in to sin)
Outlaw, Outlaw, Outlaw (Dear God, I wonder could you save me?)

[2Pac:]

Before I close my eyes I fantasize I'm livin' well
When I awake and realize I'm just a prisoner in hell
Just as well, cause in my cell I'm keepin' pictures of these bastards
Exercisin', visualizin', everyone inside a casket
Picture me blasted, surrounded by niggas in masks
Sent with the task to harass and murder my ass
Will I last? Heaven or Hell? Freedom or jail?
Shit's hard, who can you tell? And if we fail?
High speeds, and Thai weed on the freeway
When will they learn to take it easy? Uh
Drive-by's and niggas die, murder without a motive
By makin' motherfuckers fry
Got me runnin' from these coward-ass crooked-ass cops
Helicopters tryna hover over niggas 'til we drop
Got no time for the courts, my only thought is open fire
Hit the district attorney, but fuck that bitch, cause she's a liar
Now it's time to expire, I see the judge, spray the bitch

"Motherfuckers is crooked," is what I scream, and hit the fence
I commence to get wicked, spittin' rounds as the plot thickens

Never missin', an early grave is my only mission
If I die, never worry, bury me beside my four-five
May God forgive me, I was high, label me a

Outlaw, Outlaw, Outlaw (They came in to sin)
Outlaw, Outlaw, Outlaw (Dear God, I wonder could you save me?)

[Dramacydal:]

[Kadafi:]

Society lied to me, I ain't never gonna try to be
My mob'll be doin' robberies, and stickups on these wannabe's
I witnessed niggas lose they chest
For ordinary reasons niggas bodies put to rest

[Kastro:]

So I just... swallow my Beck's and holla, "Fuck 'em!"
And if I'm next... just let a nigga step with somethin'
I ain't fearin' nuttin'

[EDI Amin (Kastro):]

Young and thuggin', prepared for bustin' if that's my destiny
Ready for whatever, see you niggas can't get the best of me
(hold me down) Definitely no need for askin'
(how he mashin') Top speed (smokin' weed) laughin' (biotch!)

[Napoleon:]

Cause when I bust 'em they gonna shiver, the killers cry
Soldiers got bodies floatin' in the river, what is they sayin'

Talkin' 'bout prayin'

[Kadafi:]

They need to stop, that ain't gon' help
These niggas sprayin' up my block

[Napolean:]

Tryin' to take my wealth

Outlaw, Outlaw, Outlaw (They came in to sin)
Outlaw, Outlaw, Outlaw (Dear God, I wonder could you save me?)
Outlaw, Outlaw, Outlaw (They came in to sin)
Outlaw, Outlaw, Outlaw (Dear God, I wonder could you save me?)

[2Pac:]

Fuck the judge, I gotta grudge
Punk police, niggas run the streets
Hahah, it ain't nuttin' but music
Shit's changed

1995 the game has changed, motherfuckers is actin REAL strange
The rules is all rearranged
You got babies lyin' dead in the streets
These punk police is crooked as me
but all I see is motherfuckers actin less than G's
Stop bein' a playa-hater, be a innovator nigga
Fuck that shit, don't be no entertainer and a stranger
Be a real motherfucker keep it real pack that steel
Cause you know these streets is real ill
Muh'fuckers wanna see me in my casket
Jealous, motherfuckin' bastards
I never die, thug niggas multiply

Cause after me is Thug Life baby
Then the young thugs
Then the youngest thug of all, my nigga RahRah!

Writer(s): Shakur Tupac Amaru, Beale Mutah W, Cox Katari T, Greenidge Malcolm R, Fula Yafeu A, Stewart Loren Maurice